

Our Fourfooted Friends

and How We Treat Them

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READY FOR A START CHRISTMAS EVE.

(See page 6)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF HUMANE WORK

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR

Oh, good New Year, we clasp
 This warm, shut hand of thine!
 Loosing forever with half sigh, half grasp,
 That which from ours falls like dead fingers'
 twine;
 Ay, whether fierce its grasp
 Has been or gentle, having been, we know
 That it was blessed; let the old year go.

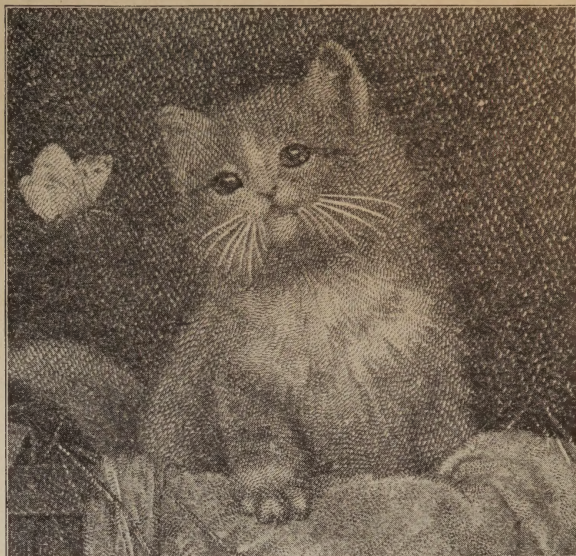
Oh, New Year, teach us faith!
 The road of life is hard;
 When our feet bleed and scourging winds us
 scathe,
 Point thou to Him whose visage was more
 marred
 Than any man's; who saith:
 "Make straight paths for your feet"—and to
 the opprest:
 "Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Friend, come thou like a friend,
 And whether bright thy face
 Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
 We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
 And trust thee to the end,
 Knowing thou ledest onwards to those
 spheres
 Where there are neither days nor months nor
 years. —D. M. MULOCK.

He, perhaps, shows the greatest wisdom in
 matters of conduct who, declining to pin his
 virtuous resolutions to the artificial restrictions
 of a calendar, has the enduring determination to
 begin a new year with every new day.—H. S.

These are the gifts I ask of thee, Spirit serene.
 Strength for the daily task;
 Courage to face the road;
 Good cheer to help me bear the traveller's load;
 And for the hours of rest that come between,
 An inward joy in all things heard and seen.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.



THE LITTLE GRAY CAT

We thought her quite a nuisance, yes
 (The truth we really must confess),
 And often planned to send away
 The little cat with coat of gray.
 But one cold day she did not come,
 As was her wont, to food and home;
 The next day passed—yes, full a week
 Of wintry weather raw and bleak,
 She failed to come. "Poor puss," we said,
 "Has met with some mishap—is dead!"
 In vain we called her, and at night
 We searched for her by lantern light
 Through the back yards and alley ways,
 With ne'er a word of blame, but praise,
 Forgetting all her faults, you know.
 We'd no idea we'd miss her so—
 Her little face against the pane
 That we should never see again!
 Her empty dish, our softest chair
 (How did we have the heart to care
 'Twas sometimes covered with her hair?)
 Made us all feel so horrid blue
 We didn't know just what to do.
 Strange how we missed her, night and day—
 That little cat in coat of gray
 We'd planned so oft to send away!

And then one day—such a surprise,
 We hardly could believe our eyes,
 For peering at us through the pane

That face we thought that ne'er again
We'd see—that face, so small and thin,
With wistful eyes was gazing in!

Up went the window in a trice,
And from the ledge, all snow and ice,
We snatched poor puss—so weak was she,
So frail and gaunt, 'twas plain to see
That she was nearly starved. Then we
By slow degrees brought back her strength
With food, warm milk, until at length
She seemed her former self once more—
The little cat we knew of yore.

And oh, the love and gratitude
She showed, poor puss! Untouched her food
Till she had rubbed against our feet,
Purring her thanks with voice most sweet.
She seemed so glad to be once more
Sheltered within her own home door.
She kept so close to us those days
She first came back! Her steadfast gaze
Transfixed us with eyes big and bright.
She'd hardly let us from her sight
As round about the house we'd go—
We'd no idea puss loved us so!

What's that? Will we give puss away?
Guess not! She's home again to stay—
That little cat in coat of gray!

LOUELLA C. POOLE.

THE NOMAD SAYS:

The following letter establishes the connection of the cat with the Minoan civilization, which went before the Hellenic. That the Greeks should have said nothing about cats, and that the animal should be absent from the Bible (the one reference in the Apocrypha being evidently to some wild specimen of the Felidae and not to the domestic cat) is indeed remarkable, in view of the fact that the ancient Egyptians and the Minoans possessed the cat in the domesticated state nearly 2000 years before Christ.

Dear Nomad—Thank you for your good cat letter of Monday. We have our beloved Buzzy, so named on account of his loud and delightful "expression of peace, gentleness and placidity."

A black Manx, he is like a person—knows what we talk about and is wretched without us. Birds and chickens do not interest him, but let a rat or a mouse show his head in or near his abode!

The writer in a recent lecture on ancient Cretan art saw a representation of a perfectly good cat, on a fresco dating from 1600 B. C. The cat was, I am sorry to say, pursuing a bird, but—if there were cats and birds three thousand five hundred years ago, don't you think there is a chance that the latter may not be quite exterminated by the wicked feline for some time to come?—E. A. WAKEFIELD, Dedham, Dec. 14.

Cats are the subject of a number of letters which the Nomad has received since the publication of his recent disquisition on this subject. Most of these letters are pro-cat—the anti-cat agitation seems to be quiescent. Either people like cats or they do not; there may, of course, be some who are indifferent to cats, but the cat-worshippers class the indifferent with the anti-cat element. There seems to be no middle ground in this business. The cat goddess of ancient Egypt might also have said, "She that is not with me is against me." This is the great merit of the cat, that she is the most unequivocal of creatures, and defeats all equivocality in her surroundings. She is the most absolute animal in the world. With the ancient Egyptians the quality of absoluteness alone would have made a divinity of her. Apparently the cat does not reason, or consider, or hesitate. She knows; her knowledge is based on feeling; it is conclusive and irremovable. Her feeling may be erroneous; no matter—it guides her absolutely. The cat takes prejudices which, so far as any human can judge, are utterly unfounded. She habitually fears and flees from some person who may possess nothing but good will toward her and would not do her the slightest harm. On the other hand, she comes in a friendly way to someone who dislikes her, and says only "Scat!" to her. Her superb control of her own actions, subject only to physical obstacles which are beyond her power to remove, is the most admirable thing about her. Balance, reserve, grace of movement under the most awkward circumstances, the gift to be beautiful under disadvantages, perfect repose

joined with astonishing quickness of action, an unfailing dignity which she manages to reconcile with an infinite playfulness—these are some of the characteristics of the cat which endear her to her worshippers.

The cat that loves to play in water appears in the following letter. The Nomad's cat, Linnaea, dips her paw into the water of a basin and washes her face with it; dips her paw into the water again, shakes it, and licks the paw. Other cats have done this. The Nomad can remember no instance in which a dog has used water with which to wash himself in this manner, although we have Robert Louis Stevenson's voucher for a sheep-killing dog going into a deep pool to wash off the blood thoroughly before returning home. In this column the Nomad some time ago told of watching a cat going into the water on the margin of a lake in Vermont to catch fish, and the story brought out the record of other cats which went into the water to fish. The cat's ordinary aversion to water is certainly not unconquerable:

Dear Nomad—Your article regarding the cat delighted me. I had a beautiful Maltese cat, a devoted companion for fifteen years, that possessed many of the qualities described in last night's Transcript. Dick would play ball, hide and seek, fetch corks thrown to a distance, waiting expectantly for another throw, and attacked any aggressive dog that unwisely passed by his home. He had many of the watch-dog qualities, growling when footsteps approached his domain. The late Mr. Clement considered him a remarkable cat. Similar to your cat, his cry was so small it could scarcely be heard.

My present cat loves to play in water, washing his face in it and picking articles out with his paw that he had thrown in. He is a great jumper, leaping nearly five feet into the air.

—V. A. AMOS, in *Boston Transcript*.

Roxbury, Dec. 14.

THE STORY OF PIKER

The story of Piker which we published last month should have been credited to Marie Heaton Vorse in an extract from "The Prestons." This was done in our office but was left out in the press, which we greatly regret.

SENSITIVENESS

The average person does not understand how sensitive our four-footed friends are to the tone of one's voice, or even to the expression of our faces. I have seen a dog shrink and cower at a cross word from his master. I have heard of a dog that did not recover for months from a light blow given by her master as punishment. She was not really hurt bodily but her feelings were so hurt that she was in abject terror afterward when she was called by her master to come to him, and would come crouching to the floor as if expecting another blow. Her master felt so badly about it that he consulted a man who had a wide knowledge of dogs, asking if there was any way by which he could undo the harm one hasty punishment had caused to a very sensitive dog.

A sensitive child loses his affection and respect for a parent who shouts at him or strikes him in temper. It is better never to punish a child or a dog at all than to punish when angry.

We have no right to allow ourselves to get angry when these helpless creatures do not behave as we think they ought. We are not free from faults, and why should we expect them to be perfect? We do not want a member of our family or one of our friends to speak angrily to us when we offend them. We know that a quiet, dignified word of disapproval has much more effect than a cross word, so why not try it with children, or grown people—or dogs?

We can shout "Come here!" or "Get out!" in an angry, loud voice, and make a dog cringe as if he were struck; or, we can use the same words in a quiet, commanding tone that is not cross and get better results from children and from our equally sensitive four-footed friends.

Some dogs are made so angry themselves when struck even gently by anyone who is in temper, that they will turn upon the person and bite him.

"He who controlleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city" said the wise man. Think of that when you find your temper getting the upper hand of you.

"An angry word stirreth up strife." This is true with your four-footed companions as well as with your human associates.—A. H. S.

REFLECT!

Few of us who stay outside and in the comforts of our city homes or offices, think of the hardships that the trappers and their dogs endure in those parts of the world wherein the fur-bearing animals exist. My pretty lady, as she lolls in her limousine, all safely and snugly enwrapped in her costly fox, mink, beaver, fisher, otter and other soft and lovely things of the kind, the while her snuffling Pekingese or poodle seeks refuge beneath her well-robed arm, perhaps never casts a thought towards the lonesome hunter of the North who trudges along obliterated trails that only his dogs can unfailingly discover! True, the white man often carries a compass; but his main dependence is on his dogs.

—FREEMAN LLOYD, in *Dogdom*.

Also Reflect on the awful suffering of the trapped animal. The trapper might be in better business. It is his own fault if he suffers—How about the tortured animal?—A. H. S.

CONDITIONS IN TRANSPORTATION OF CATTLE

We sent by request our agent, Archibald MacDonald, and Mr. R. C. Craven, to visit the stock yards. We give below the report they brought back.

On Tuesday, Dec. 7, I went to the Brighton stockyards, about 9 A. M. About 25 cars from Maine had arrived. Out of one car there were eleven dead calves removed, and the rest in that car were in very poor condition. In several other cars one or two dead ones were taken out. This train arrives Tuesdays, any time from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. and it is not known when it starts, but probably sometime Monday morning. From one car a very old cow was taken. She had been trampled on, was in very poor condition, and unable to get up without help. In another car there was a cow which apparently had her right shoulder broken and they had a great job to get her out of the car. She was suffering a great deal. Cannot tell whether she was shipped in this condition or not, or whether she had broken the shoulder by falling while travelling in the train. Some cattle were in good condition, others in poor condition. Some of the cows had full

bags and were suffering to be milked. In the stockyards there is room for improvement. Some of the pens where cows are kept that are going to be killed are in the open, and there are no facilities for feeding or watering, so if they are not killed at once they are likely to suffer a great deal for want of care.—A. MacDonald

Mr. Richard C. Craven, who went with Mr. MacDonald, gave practically the same report ending by saying "There must have been about twenty dead animals taken from this train, and my opinion is that greater care should be exercised in accepting animals for shipment."

It is a grievous state of things to have this cruel suffering of cows and little calves going on all the time, and practically nothing done. In humane periodicals it has been written up and commented on so often that the general public believe it is being remedied, but here we have an exact statement of what is going on today. Who will rise up and fight this terrible evil, and how it can be done is a question no one seems able to answer. It would seem as if such cruelty might come under the law, and shippers of cattle be made to fear the law, if they have no humanity, which evidently they have not, but I am told that the railroads are too powerful to prosecute, and the shippers—well, they will keep on this crime until they have to lose more money than the bodies of these wretched victims amount to. If by chance anyone who finds out these dreadful facts ventures to make it known, the facts are disputed by men whose interest it is to cover up the iniquity,—and the cry continues to go up from the few who know, but cannot help—"How long, O Lord, how long?"—A. H. S.

To the great regret of many humane persons the idea has been advanced by some Scout Master that trapping animals was a good occupation for Boy Scouts. The man who advanced this idea is wholly unfit to be a Scout Master; he is teaching the boys to violate one of the special articles of the Boy Scouts' creed—"A scout is kind, He is a friend to animals." When there are so many good and useful things that Boy Scouts can do, what a wicked thing it is for a Scout Master to encourage them in deeds of

cruelty! We were hoping much from the Boy Scouts. In some places they have done a splendid work in feeding birds in winter. But if instead of feeding the birds and alleviating the suffering of birds and animals they go out expressly to cause suffering, even if it is for the sake of making a few dollars, they might better call themselves a band of Hunters and Trappers than to keep the name of Boy Scouts, which when it started was meant to represent a high civilization and particularly a higher humanity.

Here are two resolutions we beg our friends to adopt: feed the birds in winter and look after stray, starving, half frozen dogs and cats that have been cast out by inhuman or inhumane men and women who do not think of the great suffering they are causing by this cruel deed. The Animal Rescue League is open night and day to receive these animals.—A. H. S.

A HUMANE SHERIFF

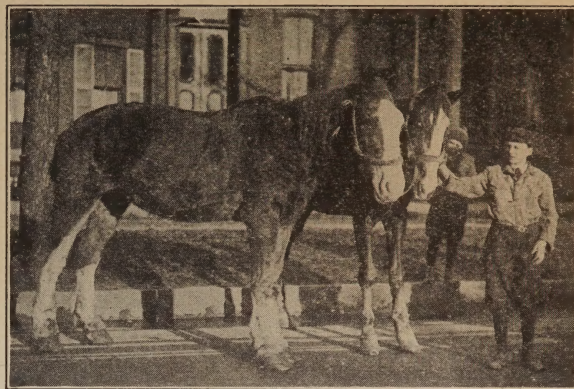
Dog placement, scarcely different from child placement, well known in the parlance of social work, is a specialty with John Mathias, sheriff of Lucas County, O., who finds it his official duty to imprison unlicensed dogs.

When he first came back to the "pound" with his patrol filled with the innocent victims of his lawful net and pole, he was so touched—for he loved dogs—that he started a campaign for adopters of dogs in the Toledo newspapers. He has been most successful in his appeals. In fact, up to the present time he has saved every yellow mongrel of them all.—*Starry Cross*.

Query? Is it humanity to save every dog they pick up and so send out once more to run their chance of misery "every yellow mongrel"? I should call it very doubtful kindness.—A. H. S.

Boston, December 17, 1920.

Your newspaper appeal for cash to give Christmas cheer to deserving horses noted. In this is a five dollar cheque. Give just as many such horses as that amount makes possible one good square, filling feed in my name and with my kindest regards. And may a humane God, aided and abetted by you and the courts, protect them alway.—W. L. Quimby



CHRISTMAS FOR HORSES

Our men began some days before Christmas to fill the Christmas bags for the horses. This year over twenty-five hundred horses were fed. You ask how we know the number? Our men know how many single bags they fill and how many larger feeds to be placed in stables where a special need exists for a larger number of horses. It is easy in this way to make an estimate and our men are all told we wish them to report under rather than over the number. We do not want the credit of anything we have not done. We do not want to do anything that is not a real charity and our men are enjoined to refrain as far as possible from giving out any bags to horses that are so well fed it will not be a treat to them to get our delicious mixture of oats, bran, and carrots. We have not added many apples to the feed since apples cost so much, but we use all that are sent us.

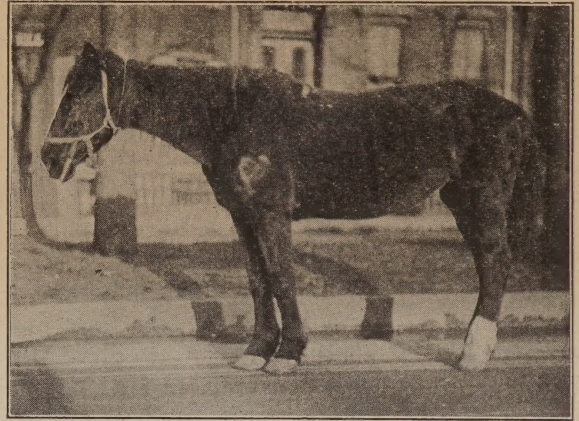
Our cars started out about three o'clock Friday afternoon. We knew that the horses would not be in the stables until evening. But Dr. Sullivan and Mr. MacDonald had a long route planned out, taking in the city and all the suburbs, and our men did not get through the route until the afternoon of Christmas Day. Certainly it would not be easy to find many men who would give up almost the whole of their Christmas holiday to give deserving horses one good treat. I went with them on Friday afternoon and saw the stables, also saw some horses fed on the streets.

One incident was rather touching. A poorly dressed woman with a shawl over her head and a boy by her side ran out of a tenement in a

wretched neighborhood which seemed to be mostly junk shops. I never imagined there could be so many junk shops in one neighborhood. I saw her hurry up to the back of one of our cars, just after some bags had been carried into a poor stable (this was in Cambridge) and talk to Mr. MacDonald. He handed out three bags which she and the boy took and hurried away with, disappearing again in a forlorn alley. I beckoned Mr. MacDonald to come to my car as I was curious to know what a poor woman wanted of the feed, and was told that she was a junk pedler's wife; they owned two horses and had very little money coming in, as one might judge from the woman's appearance. She saw the chance to get a treat for these horses and hastened to see that her poor horses got their share.

Looking into the poor stables, our men found horses unfit for work and bought during the week as many of these horses as could be accommodated in the free stable of the Work Horse Relief Association, placed there to be kept through the Holiday week, after which they must go to their final rest.

About these horses Mr. Henry C. Merwin President of the Association, reports to this effect: "I saw these horses a few hours after they came in. They stood with drooping heads looking as if they could never lift their heads



GIVEN A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

again. I saw them three days later. Their heads were up, their dull eyes bright, and they looked as if they had actually put on flesh."

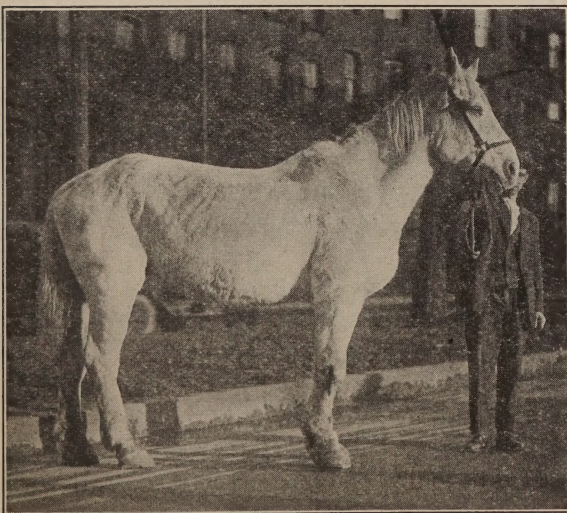
Oh, if we could only give all the poor, weary, worn out horses we buy even one week of rest and comfort! But we need the money this would cost to search out and buy more of these victims and save them from misery.

The following is a description of a few of the horses purchased Christmas time which will serve to illustrate the condition of most of those we receive. A black mare about sixteen years old had been over driven and badly cared for and was sprung in both front legs. Her knees were bruised where she had fallen from weakness. She was being used in a hack in Cambridge when our men got possession of her.

A blind horse, apparently about fourteen years old, was thin and very much afraid of having his head touched, showing that he had probably been struck about the head, and perhaps in his blindness had run into some obstacle which had hit him and frightened him. He was used in a tin pedler's wagon in Everett.

Our men also found a blind mare, said to be very balky and a kicker; but after a few days in the stable, receiving good care and kind treatment, she did not show any disposition to be vicious. She was used in a junk wagon in Chelsea, but it would not be safe to let her go into any man's hands again.

A gray horse about twenty-four years old was thin, lame in both hind legs and had undoubt-



A CHRISTMAS HORSE

edly been overworked and over loaded. He was owned by a contractor in East Boston.

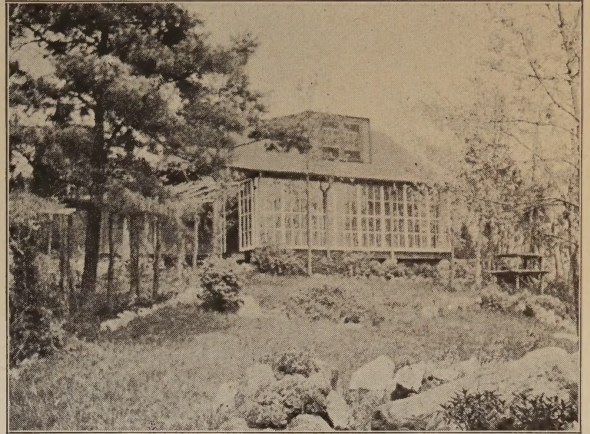
There was one horse found by our agents, probably not more than eighteen years old, but badly lamed by backing him up when he was over loaded. He often fell down on his haunches. Our agent found out at once the weakness of his hind quarters. He was used in an express wagon in Charlestown.

Our agent got one horse from a Boston livery stable that was thin, and absolutely worn out from abuse, as he had been let out to drive and had been driven without mercy. A horse found in Roxbury driven in a junk wagon was said to have fits and was scarred on the head where he had fallen and thrashed about while in one of these fits, no doubt caused by irregular and under feeding. It is not necessary to enumerate all the cases we had, but this is enough to show that if we only had the money and our agents could make a thorough search of the stables of the city and suburbs they could by paying out \$10 or \$12 relieve a great many horses from much suffering that otherwise would be kept at work until they were ready to drop dead in harness.

BUNGALOW NOTES

PINE RIDGE, Dedham, Dec. 28: Having been away from the Bungalow during one half of the month I have not much to report about Pine Ridge news. Barry, our new dog, gains our confidence and affections though strangers are much afraid of him. A coal team came up to our back door and when the men did not appear to put in the coal the housekeeper went to the window to see why she did not hear the coal rattling into the outside bin. Behold, the two men were standing up on the seat of the wagon, and Barry and Frolic were below barking at them.

"Take your dogs off" cried one of the men, "or you wont get any coal!" and the housekeeper opened the back door, upon which both dogs rushed tumultuously in the house evidently much pleased with themselves.



I was sitting in my room one day when the air was thick with snow and suddenly in the white film that obscured the outer view a great black form reared itself up outside my window looking for all the world like a huge black negro looking in at me; but in a moment I recognized Barry, who, looking for me, had put his front paws on the outside window sill and stood up. He must be about six feet tall when he stands on his hind legs. His black face was almost pressed against the window pane. I let him in and he stretched himself out at my feet before the open fire, not minding in the least that I immediately made use of him for a footstool.

Frolic has gone home. Barry misses him, and I also miss his joyous welcome when I come home in the afternoon, though I must say the way he ran in front of my car up the driveway was somewhat disconcerting to my nerves. Max and Barry play together, but they have no such happy, rough and tumble romps as Barry and Frolic had every morning.

The snow is drifted over dear old Basil's grave, but he is not by any means forgotten.

The birds are coming back and looking in the usual places for lunch. Beef suet, which we have always got for the chickadees and woodpeckers is so expensive that we do not like to see it devoured in large strips by the blue jays and squirrels. We have tried the experiment this year of fastening pieces enclosed in wire on small branches, too slender for the squirrels to venture on and not strong enough for the blue jays to

stand on and tear at the suet with their strong bills. So far the chickadees mistrust it, and I am watching the result. There are seeds and crumbs on the bird table and window shelves for all, so we are not trying to starve out these less desirable little ones.

I sometimes wonder if squirrels are of any use. They are so amusing that one likes to see them playing about in the trees. There are no happier, venturesome or inquisitive little creatures in the wild woods and I never consider them wild as they come up on the window sills and never show any fear.—A. H. S.

We shall not be able to give Bungalow Notes next month and possibly not until April, as the Bungalow will probably be closed; but our caretaker has been given careful instructions to place the grain for the birds on the bird table and on the window sills just the same as if we were there. It would be a source of great grief to both the master and mistress of the Bungalow if they had to imagine the birds coming day after day to their favorite lunch counters hungry and cold expecting to find refreshment and then flying away disappointed. The dogs will probably come up to visit the Bungalow, but they go to the cottage and there the caretaker's wife and children are always ready to give them a friendly greeting and an extra tid bit, which is one of the things they want. But I am certain that even above this, both these dogs long for affection to be shown them. There is something almost pitiful about the craving of large dogs for affection, because they are so apt to get into people's way and try to put their big paws up on people's laps and then too often they are driven away with an impatient word. One thing I have striven against always is never to hurt the feelings of any dog or cat. I am afraid I am more careful in that respect than I am with human beings, though I mean to be careful with human beings also, for I am sure there is nothing in the world so necessary as kind consideration for every living creature. This New Year is a good chance for us to start out again with good resolutions, and it does no harm to make them, even if we break them. Better be kind, thoughtful and useful for a few days or a week than not

to try for these virtues at all. But let us hope and pray that in the coming year we may keep constantly in mind the need for kindness and exercise it as far as we possibly can in order to make this world a happier place for everybody to live in. In that way, and in that way only, we shall have a Happy New Year.—A. H. S.

STORIES FOR OLD AND YOUNG

TWO BRAVE AND KIND BOYS

So many times has some trustworthy dog plunged into the water and rescued his little master from drowning that it is no longer considered front page stuff in the newspaper offices.

But when two little boys risk their lives in Lake Union to save an Airedale terrier from certain death, and then work for nearly an hour emptying his lungs of water and restoring his breath—that's a real story.

And here it is. It wouldn't be as good a story, either, had the dog belonged to them, but the Airedale was a stranger to them both.

Harold Marchant, son of A. Marchant, of 3815 12th ave. N. E., and Howland Giddings, of 3711 24th ave. N. E., were swimming last evening near the Roger Milroie lumber mill at the foot of 12th ave.

Rex Marchant, Bert Johnson and Ernie Falkhoff were with them.

Farther along the lake shore were treacherous floating logs. Knowing the danger of falling between them, the boys never ventured out upon them.

But the Airedale, not knowing this, went out boldly. A log rolled over and he was trapped beneath the jam. Vainly he struggled to climb back to safety, but each time his forefeet touched a log it would turn over, the jam would close over his head and it would be several minutes before he could get another breath.

Harold saw the Airedale first. The dog was fagged and nearly done for.

Without hesitation Harold ran along the

bank, sped out over the logs, followed by Howland, and, diving in, made his way under the jam to the place where the dog was making his last desperate struggle to get air.

Howland, meanwhile, forced the logs apart and the two 12-year-old lads pulled the now unconscious Airedale from the water.

They carried him to the bank. They thought he was dead. But they knew something of the manner in which first aid is administered to drowning persons and they applied it vigorously to the dog.

They rolled him over and over and worked his lungs free of water, and still he gave them no sign of life.

Bending down and placing his ear to the dog's breast Harold declared he detected a heart-beat, however, and again they set to work.

They raised and lowered the Airedale's forelegs, inducing artificial respiration. For half an hour, and longer, they labored thus, working his legs like pump handles. And then he opened his eyes.

He was a homely dog, with his hairy face, but he seemed much obliged. He got up and sneezed and shook himself, spraying his saviors with water and wet sand—and followed Harold home for supper.

It was a happy boy and a happy dog that slept side by side in Harold's house last night, and the dog often woke the boy by licking his face in gratitude. But this morning the dog had disappeared.

"Pa kicked him out before I got up," said Harold, dolefully.—From the *Seattle Star*.

The father who "kicked out" the dog his humane son had saved was not worthy of such a boy. It is unfortunately parents in many cases, who teach their children to be cruel and hard hearted, and often reap the evil results themselves when their boys are grown up.

HAVING A HEART

The Woman thought that nothing could ever stop the subway rush, especially at the busy Wall Street station, but one morning last week she discovered that even a subway crowd, collectively-taken, has a heart. The crowd divided

sharply on either side and as she came to the turning point she looked down suddenly to see what had caused the division. There, in the middle of the passage, was quite the smallest kitten she had ever seen calmly washing its face in the midst of the hurrying throng. Everybody, even office boys, stepped carefully and stopped to smile at everybody else while the very small kitten continued to purr and wash.

—*New York Sun*.

Breaking into his master's bedroom after fire broke out in the house at 91-93 Irving street, Everett, "Ted," a St. Bernard dog owned by Judson J. Logan, aroused Logan before he was overcome by smoke, and enabled him to rescue the partially suffocated members of his family from the burning dwelling. The barking of the dog also aroused the family of Isadore Ginsberg, occupying the other half of the house, so that they got out of the house safely. And after everyone was out of the house the St. Bernard rushed into the dwelling and brought out in his mouth a little coon cat, "Chum," that had been forgotten in the excitement.

The fire broke out about 1.30 in the pantry of the Ginsberg home. After being warned by the dog, Logan carried to the street his mother, Mrs. Marion Logan, who is ninety-three years old; his wife and three children. Meantime, the Ginsberg family, comprising Mr. and Mrs. Ginsberg and their two children, got out of the house through a window.

After the firemen had arrived, "Ted" missed the little coon cat, and ran into the house and upstairs. Within a few minutes he reappeared with the kitten in his jaws, holding it by means of a collar around the cat's neck.

—*Boston Transcript*.

I wish to make a correction regarding the statements I have made about the research work of the Red Cross. I can do so best by quoting from a letter just received:

"I want to explain about the Bureau of Research. I told you that I sent a protest to the head of the Red Cross Society in Washington. After a few weeks I had a very civil letter from him. He said that he had received other

protests, and they all seemed to be founded on a misunderstanding. There is a society called The Red Cross League, composed of about thirty different nations. It was this society which proposed to establish a bureau of research in Geneva, Switzerland, but they have not yet done so. The society to which we subscribe has nothing to do with it, and that, at least, is satisfactory."—E. H.

I am very glad indeed to get this statement as it was a grief and sorrow to me and to many others to think that money given for the humane work of the Red Cross should be turned over for the inhumane work of experimentation on animals.—A. H. S.



A story of devotion between a dog and his master has come to us in connection with the burial of a dog at Pine Ridge. The dog was owned by a man who had passed middle life. This man's life had not been without its trials, and sixteen years ago there came to him a great domestic trial. At that time he took into his desolate home a little terrier of common breed and the dog became a great comfort to him in his loneliness and sorrow. Every day through sixteen years this friendship became closer and closer, until one day the dog, worn out by his long years, died. The man was inconsolable. He spent two days at home, not able to go to work, then he placed the body of his dear friend in a box to take its last journey with him to Pine Ridge Cemetery. The man stood by the body as the grave was dug completely overcome with grief. "He was all I had in the world" he kept

saying, as a friend who accompanied him tried to comfort him.

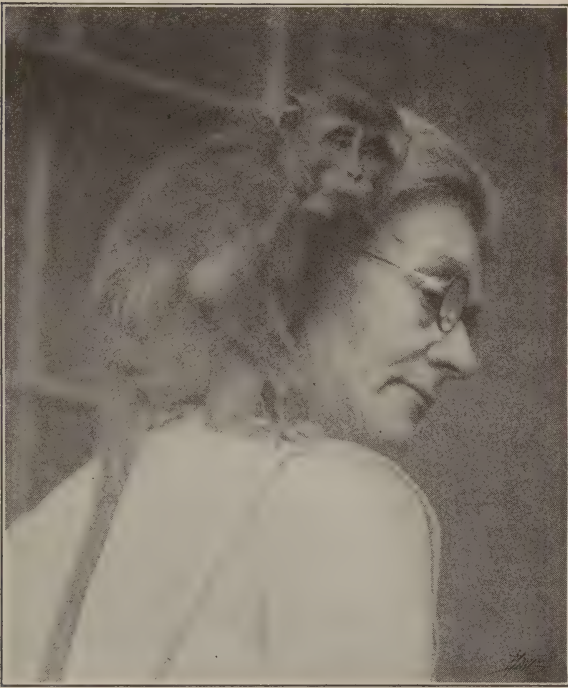
The Washington Humane Society is publishing a little magazine called Mercy and Truth. This magazine is not published every month, but occasionally—at least that is the statement in the only number I have seen, June, 1920. From reading that copy it leads one to feel that such an interesting, useful and thoroughly humane magazine should be published every month and widely circulated. The Rev. C. Ernest Smith, D. D., D. C. L., is president of the Society and editor of the magazine. Mr. John P. Heap, 1502 H Street, N. W. Washington, D. C., is business manager. Mr. Heap is also secretary and treasurer of the Washington Humane Society, an office which he has held for many years.

LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES

During the month of December the League received and humanely cared for 1886 cats, 428 dogs, 105 horses, 16 smaller animals; 84 dogs and 95 cats were placed in homes. We do not attempt to make a record of placing animals in homes. We would rather get fifty reliable homes for animals than five hundred homes where the animals will not be well cared for. Good homes for dogs or cats are not as easily found as one might imagine and even with all the care we exercise we sometimes have had to take a dog away from the new owner because our rules are not being observed. If anyone hears of a dog or a cat that has gone out from the League and is not well cared for we beg that person to report the case to us.

The increase in our number of motor cars and Receiving Stations enables us to do a larger work. As I have often said, as long as men and women will keep female kittens and puppies and give them to anyone who will take them, or, worse still, abandon them, or let them hide and grow wild, so long must the work of collecting these unfortunate animals go on.

Last week a youth of perhaps eighteen years, came to the League with a bag of burlap tied up, and in it there were struggling and crying, two kittens. He said he was going along Commonwealth Avenue and seeing this bag in the middle of the avenue where motor cars must run over it or steer out suddenly from it, he stopped and picked it up. To his surprise he found it had these living, frightened little creatures. They were beautiful kittens and the male speedily found a good home, while the female has gone where she can never again be exposed to the cruelty of men.



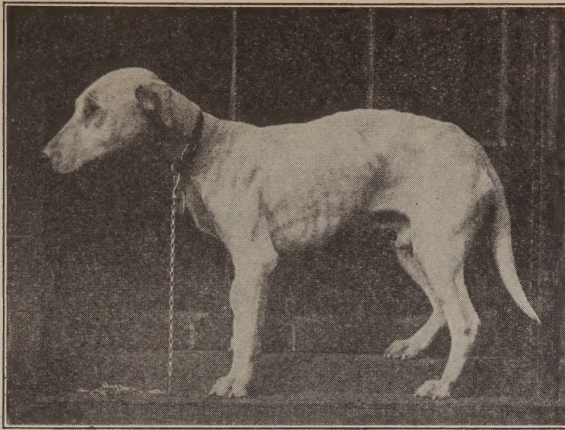
We have had two specially interesting guests recently. One is a small monkey. Word was sent us that a monkey had been left on the ocean steamer "Canopic" and asking us to send for it, which we promptly did. It was a frightened, snappy, little creature, but our very humane agent, Mrs. McCulloch, took it specially in her care and it seems happy riding about on her shoulder. We shall not give it away. A monkey's life is too full of risks in this part of the world. It is interesting to note that she—the monkey—gets on well with Mrs. McCulloch's dogs and cats.

We have had some of the handsomest cats brought in to the League during December that we ever had. No cat show of smooth-coated cats could be more beautiful in color and in marking than two dark tiger cats and one soft lemon color. Such cats may have to wait a while, but given time they are sure to find good homes.

We have a cat we are keeping at the League for our own benefit and comfort. He was seen in wretched condition, coming into the kennels of his own accord. Now he is an established member of the family and his name is Tommy. Tommy is a most wonderful ratter. He sometimes catches three or four large rats in a day. Of course the dogs' food attracts rats to the kennels and he has a great chance to exercise his talent in that direction. A curious incident relating to Tommy is that he has a special fondness for Mr. Stanley, our agent who feeds the pigeons on the Common every day. He knows about what time Mr. Stanley is coming in the morning and goes out at the back entrance all the way down Broadway to meet him. Although we do not approve of collars we were obliged to put one on him so that if by chance anyone did pick him up they would we hope, return him to us. Mr. Stanley is apt to bring special tidbits for the cat and expecting this treat he begins to yowl as soon as Mr. Stanley comes in sight, evidently demanding the treat that is coming. He came up to the door of the President's office one day and left a large rat (dead of course) as a special present for her. Fortunately, she did not happen to come in that day and did not receive the gift.

We have an equally remarkable cat out at Pine Ridge. This cat came to our caretaker's house and demanded admittance and has proved one of the most welcome guests he ever received. He also is named Tommy and he has been known to catch five half grown rats in half an hour's time, going into the chicken house after them and bringing them out one after the other. He is a remarkable ratter and yet he is the last cat in the world anyone would expect to be a hunter, for he is small with the gentlest face

anyone ever saw on a cat, and is one of those soft purring little creatures that you could not imagine being anything but a house pet. He does not mind the dogs at all, and they do not pay any attention to him now that "Frolic" has gone, a dog that was always trying to chase Tommy, although he did so only in fun.—A.H.S.



A STARVED DOG

From one of our branches came the starved dog which you see in the above photograph. We seldom have quite such a wretched animal brought in as this one. He was picked up by somebody in Cambridge and carried into the Neighborhood House there, where we have a branch receiving station.

THE ANNUAL FAIR

We can give but a short paragraph in this number to the subject of our Annual Fair, though it deserves a whole page. We had the usual number of tables, sixteen in all, and every table was more than bountifully supplied with salable and beautiful articles. There were other interesting features of the Fair. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Allen, of Marlborough Street, were kind enough to bring their spaniel "Nemo," a most intelligent and beautiful dog, to collect money at the Fair. He collected \$13.37 and was also a great attraction to visitors. "Nemo" has the unusual distinction of having been taken to an oculist for weak eyes and wearing spectacles or goggles, which were prescribed to prevent his eyes from growing worse. The glasses were fastened to a bone frame with rings to the collar.

"Nemo" has submitted to wearing them with the patience of a human being, although he is very much pleased when he is relieved of them to play with his companion, "Tessie," a collie that is not suffering from eye strain.

The beautiful little Maltese terrier, who came to the Fair two years ago, was present this year. His name is "Buttons" and during the war it was suggested that his long, beautiful, silky hair should be shorn and made into something useful for the soldiers. This was done, and a fine pair of stockings sold at a high price to be given to some unfortunate soldier. Since then, one or two other articles have been made from his hair and at the present time the President of the League has the great pleasure of having a little doll, presented to her by "Buttons'" mistress. This doll has on a cap and dress made from Buttons' wool. Buttons contributed fifty dollars to the Fair at his table, where he sold pictures and calendars, quilts tufted with his wool, and baby socks made also from the wool.

—A. H. S.

LETTERS

Casilla 863, Lima, Peru, Aug. 31, 1920.

Editor of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS,
51 Carver Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:—For several years I have been receiving regularly copies of OUR FOURFOOTED FRIENDS. I am writing to let you know that I appreciate having it sent to me, and that I enjoy reading it. I was interested in the article in the August number "At the Bull Fight" with its reference to Joselito. Joselito was the hero of Lima, and I am told he made much of his money here. Certain it is that his death was very sincerely mourned by great numbers of the people here.

Conditions are bad here, but they are improving in some respects. An order has been issued this year by the Prefect of Lima demanding that the corner policemen prevent abuse of horses and mules. At the same time he issued cards for members of the Humane Society here so that they could coöperate with the police. The people here are always very much interested when I tell them about the squirrels and pigeons that

live unmolested on the Boston Common. Several of my Peruvian friends who have visited New York have been very much surprised and pleased to note the protection afforded the birds in the parks there. Wishing you success in your work. I remain, Yours sincerely,

W. O. STUNTZ.

Boston, Nov. 23, 1920.

Thank you very much for your prompt and kind attention to my note. It is a comfort to know that something has been done about the poor abused horse. It is perfectly splendid of the ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE to provide a tool to the onlooker who is usually so helpless about those things. The League is a splendid part of Boston and one in which I have taken much pride. One of your dogs is this instant trying to share my comfortable chair. Wishing you the best of prosperity and with many thanks for your attention to my letter.—F. D.

In regard to the kitten I got August 2 he is the finest kitten that anyone could have and the best ratter that there is. He caught six mice one night in half an hour. I would not take ten dollars for him, and beside, he is a beautiful pet and is growing fine.—M. B. L.

Boston, Sept. 30, 1920.

I have your postal card inquiry whether the kitten which we received from you on August 10 is satisfactory and contented. In reply I beg to say that the kitten—who is rapidly ceasing to be a kitten—is entirely satisfactory to us. He has no irredeemably bad habits, is perfectly regular at meal time, and is gentle and not too playful. I am sorry that I cannot be equally definite as to whether we are satisfactory to him. Unfortunately, he has not confided his state of mind but, so far as can be judged from his apparent liking for the companionship of the various members of the family, his familiarity of conduct in the house generally, and the proud purring he indulges in at times, I am led to conclude that the family and his surroundings are not entirely distasteful to him.—W. B. F.

Boston, Nov. 11, 1920.

In reply to the enclosed postal card, I will say that the cat I obtained from you is a very satisfactory animal in every way. It is a good ratter, and keeps the premises free from rats, is neat and clean in every way, and has become quite a favorite with the entire family. We think highly of him, and with the treatment he has had, he has become plump and fine looking. There are no symptoms of any disease.—S. M.

Watertown, Mass., Oct. 30, 1920.

Sometime ago you sent me a card requesting information about a dog number 2890, whom we call Bob. I am only too glad to tell you about him and am sorry that I have not been able to do so earlier. We are very much pleased with Bobbie. He is a fine playmate for the babies, never attempts to turn on them no matter what they do to him. He is clean around the house and is not fussy as to food, which means a good deal these days, and he has never been sick. I think I must tell what he did last night which we think shows how smart he is. My husband having business in Central Square, Cambridge, started for that place and Bob followed him on to the car, changing with him at Harvard Square. In the crowd at the Square Bob got separated from him and was not seen any more. When my husband arrived home and told me about it we wondered what to do. He said wait until morning and then we can look for him. I went out for the evening and when I arrived home at 10:30 there was Bobbie sitting on the front steps. We think he was very smart to find his way home so quickly and such a distance. He is a good dog and we are very attached to him.—MRS. W. C. T.

Newton, Mass., Dec. 28, 1920.

The little yellow kitten that we took from you on October 15 has won our hearts and we think she is a prize. She is so normal in every way, full of life and fun. She has caught four mice and her presence has relieved us of that nuisance. Now that she and the dog are so well acquainted they afford us a great deal of fun and we wouldn't know how to get along without their frolicing.—MRS. L. B. H.

KINDNESS, THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER

"Kindness, especially to the weak and defenceless, is the very foundation of character; and when we set our children an example of cruelty and allow them to stone and trap and shoot birds, squirrels, and other helpless creatures, just for sport we little realize what we are doing in the way of hardening and brutalizing their impressionable natures.

Cruelty and brutal indifference to the life and rights of others is developed in many a child by the example of his own father. This is especially true of men who kill dumb animals for "sport." There are many people in our jails today, who would not be there but for the encouragement given them in their youth to kill birds and animals just for fun. They thought there was no harm in it, that it was all right because their fathers and other men high up in the world's most honored positions did these things.

Happily, in many directions, there are signs of a revolt against the barbarity of killing as a pastime. And the time will come when the men in high positions who are looked up to by thousands of our youths as examples of manliness, will be ashamed to see chronicled in the papers the details of their ghastly hunts, their heartless slaughter of the innocents. The time will come when it will be considered cowardly and base for a great strong man to kill defenseless little birds or any living creature for sport.

The time will come when the man who shoots or traps or maims or kills God's creatures with no excuse except that of having a "good time," will be ostracized from society, will be regarded as an enemy not only of our little dumb brothers and sisters but of human beings. He will be looked upon as a moral outcast, little better than a murderer.

If we would reach the highest plane of development, the realization of our oneness with the Creator of the universe, we must realize our oneness with His Creation; we must, in thought and word and act regard all dumb creatures as St. Francis did—as our little brothers and sisters.

—O. S. MARDEN, in the *New Success*.

If sparrows drive away song birds, mine are an exception, for I have never seen them fight except among themselves, although sometimes their domestic disputes reach such an acute stage that it is not uncommon to discover small speckled eggs on the grass beneath the eaves. But I do not think they are really any worse than the jays.

Mine, or rather, the ones who live under my roof, which is the same thing sometimes, are astonishingly human. About this time of year you can always see three or four of them hopping along the ground, one a slender, worried looking little thing surrounded by fat fledgelings as big again as she. She is followed with great interest until she finds a worm and then immediately importuned by a cheeping, teasing, wing-flapping crew, each perfectly able to find food for himself, but each bound that she shall put the food into his mouth. I have often wondered what would happen if she were to put it on the ground and let them fight for it, but she never does. And if she ever gets a mouthful for herself it must be when they are asleep. They are so much like spoiled children that it is no wonder that they do not sing. For singing, I imagine, is a question of disposition as well as of intelligence and habit. And yet sometimes when I see a little grey mite chirping away on a rooftop, tunelessly, of course, and forever lacking the golden gift of voice, I wonder if, after all, he isn't singing as well as he knows how, and if the raucous sounds that we call chirps do not echo as ripples and roulades in his own ears.—E. W. GOULD, Mattapan.

The greatest need in all the world is kindness. A large part of the suffering of the world comes either through active unkindness or from a selfish disregard of any suffering that does not touch us personally, or those with whom we are so closely connected that we cannot help feeling to some extent their suffering.

There is much suffering everywhere, but if every man, woman and child were kind, if the principal study of the world was not to get all we can out of life, but to give all we can to make the world happier, what a different world this would be!—A. H. S.



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at Pine Ridge, Dedham, Mass., under the management of the Animal Rescue League. The charge for privilege of burial in individual lots is from \$12 up, according to location.

Cremation

The League now has a crematory where small animals can be cremated. The ashes are delivered to owners or buried at Pine Ridge. The charge for each cremation is \$6. Arrangements for burials or cremations must be made at the headquarters of the Animal Rescue League, 51 Carver Street, Boston. Telephone Beach 244.

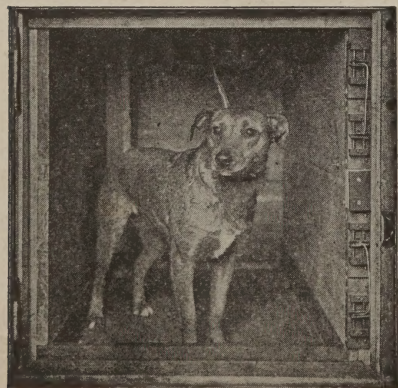
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